

Good Morning 559

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Any time's right time
for Sub.-Lieut.
Robin McIver

Says JOHN ALLEN: Never has there been a time when so many Local Boys have made good on the football field and the post-war league teams will have more crack players than they can use.

SURPLUS of SOCCER STARS

BEARING in mind that school and junior football teams, because of the war have had fewer opportunities for developing talent since 1939, it is surprising to find that Britain has far more Soccer stars than ever before in history.

What is the reason for this strange state of affairs? The answer is: Youngsters have been given their chance with older and experienced players who have passed on to them their knowledge in double-quick time.

Because of Service calls scores of youths have had the opportunity of sampling the

coach'ing in actual matches of experienced and seasoned internationals. Thus a steady flow of youngsters have been "blooded" in League football over the past six seasons.

It is interesting to watch, as I do in touring the country, the positions that have the most stars. In England they have scores of full-backs good enough for an England International team. Scotland, by contrast, has not the full-backs of class we usually expect. The same applies to Ireland.

Among the defenders, by far the greatest discovery in war-

time is Ted Ditchburn, the Tottenham and England goalkeeper.

Ted, with the huge hands, and pan-her-like action, is one of those 'keepers discovered once in a generation.

A bad illness kept him out of League football early in the season, but the R.A.F. sergeant, who is only just twenty-two, will, I am certain, be the Harry Hobbs of the post-war era.

Just now I mentioned Tottenham, Ditchburn's club. It has always been their policy to make star players from local and junior talent. Never was it more successful than in wartime football.

When peace does return the Spurs will have scores of experienced youngsters able to take their place, with confidence, in their senior side.

Already we have seen Ditchburn play for England; the nineteen-years-old centre-half, Chisholm, has been reserve for his country, and freely tipped as Cullis' successor in the England team.

Another defender, Sam Tickridge, now in the Royal Navy will most certainly gain his England cap as a left-back. And so one could go on with Tottenham, who have shown great wisdom in making players from youngsters who will still be young when League football returns to normal.

Wolverhampton Wanderers, Notts Forest, Millwall, Newcastle, Charlton, Fulham, and several other League clubs, have followed the Spurs' example. All will find it a paying proposition in the course of the next two years.

It is not generally appreciated by Servicemen, who do not have the chance of studying carefully the various League clubs, that this great development of first-class players is not confined to just one area and to a few clubs.

All over Britain to-day you will find youngsters playing football as if they had been born with a ball tied to the end of their toes.

Look at Fulham, for instance. They have a youth named Wilson, playing at left-half. When I saw him play his first League game, I knew he was a future star, and mentioned the matter to Jack Peart, the Fulham manager.

"You know who he is," said Jack, "the son of Andy Wilson."

That accounted for a great deal. Like the former Chelsea and Scotland star, he was perfect in ball control, thoughtful, and, most of all, a team-man. He will go far in the big game.

The team-spirit displayed by modern young footballers, again, in my opinion, is an improvement upon many pre-war stars' idea of co-operation.

Growing up together in the football sense, these youths, many little more than boys, realise that by playing together they can get success. That is why so many high scores have been evident of late: the team comes first.

Southampton, who have shaped up well at times this season, are typical of this new spirit. Eight of their side are youngsters, picked up from junior teams. They have graduated through the "Saints" reserve side, and gained promotion to the League team by reason of their value as a team. Now, established, they still play together.

Team-spirit, as displayed to-day, assures everyone of better-class football after the war.

At the same time, the individual skill of some players forces them into the limelight. Just as Stan Matthews to-day captures the imagination of the crowd, so, in future years, will young Tom Finney, the Preston outside-right.

Young Tom, who has been soldiering in the Middle East,



WE called at Hoebridge House, Old Woking, Surrey, at the wrong time, or so your mother told us, Sub-Lieut. Robin McIver, R.N.V.R.

You see, workmen were still brightening up the place after some damage caused by a nearby explosion, and men were climbing all over the house.

We managed to persuade your mother that this would not matter, and that she looked quite good enough to grace any picture. She again tried by saying that the house was in a mess as she and Romaine were going off the following day to visit your father and Susan at Oxford, but we persisted for your sake—any time is the right time for you—and it wasn't long before we got the picture we wanted.

Eighteen-year-old glamour girl Susan is in fine fettle, and is working with your father in the War Office at Oxford. Susan has Elizabeth staying with her, and, as usual, is having a decidedly gay time.

Following in your footsteps is your young brother, Alistair, a credit to the Naval Cadets, and he has declared his intention of following you into the Submarine Service.

He, by the way, is spending his spare time learning Russian!

Romaine is a fine animal doctor for her eleven years, and is spending her school holiday looking after the family pets. Your dog Geoff is enjoying the best of health and is getting fatter than ever, but Possum has been suffering from a bad ear, which Romaine treats so carefully.

When she's not looking after the animals, Romaine spends most of her time with her fretwork set, and is turning out some fine work. Your mother has been getting around a bit lately, and reports that Ian and David are both well and that everyone at Reigate is in good heart.

The school across the road is taking over the house when your family move out in March, but so far, says your mother, they can't find a flat with more than one room, which would not be much good to your family, would it?

That's all the news there is for you, Sub-Lieut. McIver. Your mother sends good wishes and the best of luck for 1945. She adds that she hopes you will be home before you think.

David is Giant Killer, Sto. John McDonald

—and this is his first photograph, taken at the mature age of three weeks.



DON'T kid yourself that coming home will be any rest from taking orders, Stoker John G. McDonald, because although your three-weeks-old son doesn't look very intimidating, he still manages to have the household giants doing what he tells them. He doesn't stand for any funny stuff!

As you have not yet seen David, and this is his first photograph—taken at your home, 6 Harlow Place, High Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne—we asked him to look specially charming, and he certainly did. Wait till he grows up; you are going to have a job keeping the girls away.

The whole family just fall over themselves to do anything for David. He has a pram from Grandma and a Karri-cot from your father-in-law already, and a lot more came at Christmas.

A word of warning for when you do come home. Watch out for your clothes, because Mrs. McDonald has lost her coupons and is having to make-do-and-

mend with a vengeance. So hang on to your bell-bottoms, or she will be turning them into a suit for David.

John, your brother-in-law, has a new job now as under-manager at the Lyric, the cinema down the road, and is settling down to it better than his last job.

My! they are fond of John at 6 Harlow Place. With three in the family, it is no wonder Margie decided to call the baby David. Imagine if she shouted John and four of you came running up!

Your latest venture, "The Seagull Times," is causing considerable interest at home, and bets are being laid on what it will be like. Your wife is sure it will be a very witty one. Is she right?

All your pals at Wallsend send best wishes for 1945. Mrs. McDonald says her only regret is that you have not yet seen the baby. However, she hopes that the day will soon come when you can look after him together.

CLUB GREETs Acting P.O. JACK ROBERTS

YOUR father was looking forward to the share-out at the Working Men's Club the afternoon we called at North Lodge, the Broadway, Knapp-hill, Woking, Acting Petty Officer Jack Roberts.

He was going that evening to collect his share of the spoils, and no doubt he stopped for a game of darts or billiards. The fellows there are often asking about you and wonder how you are getting on, and there are similar enquiries coming from the Anchor, too.

Jim's old knee injury is giving him trouble again. He's been playing football a bit too much out in India, and he's landed himself in hospital for a spell. Sister Rita and your mother were both out when we

called, but we were assured they would wish to be included in this message to you.

They received your card at the club, Jack, and your parents were also pleased with your Christmas greetings.

Before we left, another member of the family came walking in. Perhaps bounding would have been a better word, for it was your favourite dog, Twister.

Twister is just as full of life as he was when you last saw him, and if dogs could only talk, would probably have told us how much he wants you back to play with him again.

Meanwhile, we are sure he would wish to be associated with the rest of the family in wishing you all the best for this 1945.

is a born winger who can use his feet and his head.

He has been playing with such stars as Joe Ba.uzzi, Stan Cullis, and Andy Beattie, gaining experience that will prove invaluable after the war. He is definitely one to put down on your list of future stars.

The large numbers of budding internationals, as I stated earlier, are to be found in almost every part of Britain.

Portsmouth, for instance, have in Jimmy Dickenson, their local - born left-half—he's captain of the English A.T.C. team—a middle-liner who looks, and plays, like Cliff Britton. Strong, and very clever for a big lad, he is only waiting for an international chance. When it comes Jimmy will take some shifting.

Denis Grainger, of Millwall and Southport, is a winger with goal-scoring feet and a much-winning temperament, while Bradford's inside - right, Shackleton, a former schoolboy international, is now on the threshold of the national team.

You can appreciate the quality of modern football when it is realised that Ronnie Rooke, the Fulham centre-forward, who scores goals so frequently, cannot gain a regular place in the England team. The same applies to Stan Mortensen, the Blackpool star.

When Final Victory has been won, and the football stars return from the four corners of the earth, it will be to discover that competition for places in League teams is greater than ever before. There will be more star players than can be played in one team.

This, of course, will mean a higher standard of play. It speaks well for the patient coaching of those who have kept football alive during the war years.

Off Ration

RESIDENTS and visitors at Bude, North Cornwall, rubbed their eyes one morning to find a rich assortment of articles floating in the water and washed up on the beach.

They included thousands of cigarettes, cameras, watches, chocolate and sweets, tinned fruits, jam, biscuits, razor blades—everything that's hard to get.

Soon the beach resembled a "fair," hundreds of people "wading in" and helping themselves, before the Customs arrived to take charge of the situation.

The crowd were told that according to the law any wreckage washed ashore must be delivered to the Receiver of Wrecks under penalty of a fine of £100.

But it is believed that quite a lot of people managed to come off with a "souvenir."

Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit



So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

MRS. BUNKER'S CHAPERON

MATILDA stood at the open door of a house attached to a wharf situated in that dreary district which bears the high-sounding name of "St. Katharine's."

Work was over for the day. A couple of unhorsed vans were pushed up the gangway by the side of the house, and the big gate was closed. The untidy office which occupied the ground-floor was deserted, except for a grey-bearded "housemaid" of sixty, who was sweeping it through with a broom, and indulging in a few sailorly oaths at the choking qualities of the dust he was raising.

The sound of advancing footsteps stopped at the gate, a small flap-door let in it flew open, and Matilda Bunker's open countenance took a pinkish hue, as a small man in jersey and blue coat, with a hard round hat exceeding high in the crown, stepped inside.

"Good evening, Mrs. Bunker, ma'am," said he, coming slowly up to her.

"Good evening, captain," said

the lady, who was Mrs. only by virtue of her age and presence. "Fresh breeze," said the man in the high round hat. "If this lasts we'll be in Ipswich in no time."

Mrs. Bunker assented. "Beautiful the river is at present," continued the captain. "Everything growing splendid."

"In the river?" asked the mystified Mrs. Bunker. "On the banks," said the captain; "the trees, by Sheppey, and all round there. Now, why don't you say the word and come! There's a cabin like a new pin ready for you to sit in—for cleanliness, I mean—and every accommodation you could require. Sleep like a humming-top you will, if you come."

"Humming-top?" queried Mrs. Bunker archly. "Any top," said the captain.

age," and died from a consequent chill? 6. Which of the following are in Scotland? Kirkham, Kirkwall, Kirkcaldy, Kirkby, Kirksville, Kirk Kilisse.

Answers to Quiz in No. 558

QUIZ for today

1. Bort is black-market profits, heel-black, Dutch drink, diamond dust, German sausage?
2. What horse race is called after a Russian prince?
3. How did America get its name?
4. Who wrote what novel to pay for his mother's funeral?
5. Who invented "cold stor-

1. French impostor.
2. Coconut
3. "Auld Lang Syne," Robert Burns (1788).
4. The force required to raise 33,000lbs. one foot in one minute.
5. 1870-1 season; England v. Scotland.
6. Dunblane, Dunkeld.

"Love me, love my dog" is amusingly exploited in this "TWO-DAY" tale by W. W. JACOBS

The packages were rather a tight squeeze for the cabin, but they managed to get them in, and the skipper, with a threatening look at his mate, who was exchanging glances of exquisite humour with the watchman, gave his hand to Mrs. Bunker and helped her aboard.

"Welcome on the Sir Edmund Lyons, Mrs. Bunker," said he. "Bill, kick that dawg back."

"Stop!" said Mrs. Bunker hastily, "that's my chaperong."

"Your what?" said the skipper. "It's a dawg, Mrs. Bunker, an' I won't have no dawgs aboard my craft."

"Bill," said Mrs. Bunker, "fetch my box up again."

"Leastways," the captain hastened to add, "unless it's any friend of yours, Mrs. Bunker."

"It's chaperoning me," said Matilda; "it wouldn't be proper for a lady to go a v'y'ge with two men without somebody to look after her."

"That's right, Sam," said the watchman sententiously. "You ought to know that at your age."

"Why, we're looking after her," said the simple-minded captain. "Me an' Bill."

"Take care Bill don't cut you out," said the watchman in a hoarse whisper, distinctly audible to all. "He's younger nor what you are, Sam, an' the wimmen are just crazy arter young men. Sides which, he's a finer man altogether. An' you've had one wife a'ready, Sam."

"Cast off!" said the skipper impatiently. "Cast off! Stand by there, Bill!"

"Ay, ay!" said Bill, seizing a boat-hook, and the lines fell into the water with a splash as the barge was pushed out into the tide.

Mrs. Bunker experienced the usual trouble of landmen aboard ship, and felt herself terribly in the way as the skipper divided his attentions between the tiller and helping Bill with the sail. Meantime the barge had bothered most of the traffic by laying across the river, and when the sail was hoisted had got under the lee of a huge warehouse and scarcely moved.

"We'll feel the breeze directly," said Captain Codd. "Then you'll see what she can do."

As he spoke, the barge began to slip through the water as a light breeze took her huge sail and carried her into the stream, where she fell into line with other craft who were just making start.

At a pleasant pace, with wind and tide, the Sir Edmund Lyons proceeded on its way, her skipper cocking his eye aloft and along her decks to point out various beauties to his passenger which she might otherwise have overlooked. A comfortable supper was spread on the deck, and Mrs. Bunker began to think regretfully of the pleasure she had missed in taking up barge-sailing so late in life.

Greenwich, with its white-fronted hospital and background of trees, was passed. The air got sensibly cooler, and to Mrs. Bunker it seemed that the water was not only getting darker, but also lumpy, and she asked two or three times whether there was any danger.

The skipper laughed gaily, and diving down into the cabin fetched up a shawl, which he placed carefully round his fair companion's shoulders. His right hand grasped the tiller, his left stole softly and carefully round her waist.

"How enjoyable!" said Mrs. Bunker, referring to the evening.

"Glad you like it," said the skipper, who wasn't. "Oh, how pleasant to go sailing down the river of life like this, everything quiet and peaceful, just driftin'."

"Ahoy!" yelled the mate sud-

(Continued on Page 3)

USELESS EUSTACE



"Since I engaged her to kiss the boys as they go in, wow! sir. Talk about increased production!"

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



JAMES FAY, secretary of the Association Football Players' and Trainers' Union, has stated that he would call a meeting of players to discuss the Football League's decision to pay demobbed men four pounds a week after the war until full-time League play is resumed.

Fay, whose union is 2,000 strong, said: "We expected that football players would be treated as ordinary employees and be entitled to return to their jobs for not less pay than they got before they joined up."

Maximum salary for top-line players before the war was eight pounds a week playing and six pounds out of season.

The decision was made at the League's annual meeting, despite an appeal by the president, Mr. W. C. Cuff, to wait and see the practical application of the Reinstatement Act.

THE Act provides that a demobbed man returning to his job should get it on terms not less favourable than those he would be getting if he had not joined up; but if that is not practicable, then on the most favourable terms possible.

Nearly 1,000 players are in the Services. They belong to the 88 League teams, 87 of which are limited liability companies.

"THE TIMES"—you know, the paper subbies read in a new ward-room, to-day runs the story of the crowning of a Maharajah. I quote:

"A picturesque procession left the palace soon after noon, with his Highness clad in gorgeous Manipuri robes, mounted on an elephant, and smoking his favourite brand of Virginia cigarettes—Wild Woodbines..."

So there are some N.A.A.F.I.s in India!

WANGLING WORDS

498

1. Insert consonants in *U**E**A** and **A***A**A* and get two Scottish counties.
2. Here are two fruits whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
NATRIN — SIRARUC.
3. If "Boil" is the "oil" of cooking, what is the oil of (a) Pampering, (b) Entanglement?
4. Find the two trees hidden in: Don't be so insular, chum! Drop in every day to see me.

Answers to Wangling Words No. 497

1. ANTARCTIC, ANTARCTICA.
2. GRANITE-BASALT.
3. (a) Witch, (b) Stitch, (c) Flitch.

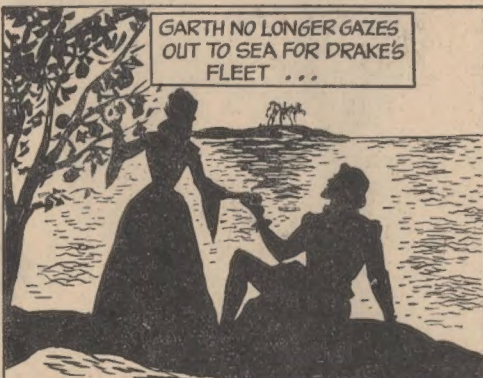
JANE



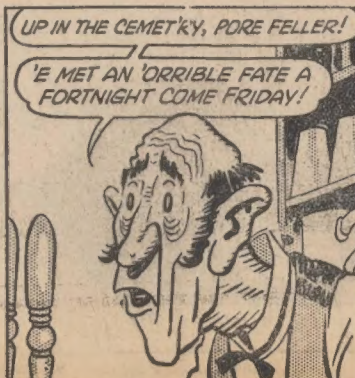
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



MRS. BUNKER'S CHAPERON

(Continued from Page 2) tion had lasted long enough to be unendurable. "Who's happening? Starboard your helm!"

The skipper started guiltily, and put his helm to starboard as another barge came up suddenly from the opposite direction and almost grazed them. There were two men on board, and the skipper blushed for their fluency as reflecting upon the order in general.

It was some little time before they could settle down again after this, but ultimately they got back in their old position, and the infatuated Codd was just about to wax sentimental again, when he felt something behind him. He turned with a start as a portly retriever inserted his head under his left arm, and slowly but vigorously forced himself between them; then he sat on his haunches and panted, while the disconcerted Codd strove to realise the humour of the position.

"I think I shall go to bed now," said Mrs. Bunker, after the posi-

hauling on to it, creaked and rustled its way close to the mast, and the *Sir Edmund Lyons* was ready for sleep.

"I can do with a nap," said Bill. "I'm dog-tired."

"So am I," said the other. "It'll be a tight fit down for'ard but we couldn't ask a lady to sleep there."

Bill gave a non-committal grunt, and as the captain, after the manner of his kind, took a last look round before retiring, placed his hands on the hatch and lowered himself down. The next moment he came up with a wild yell, and, returned to the fore-castle, rolled up his trousers and fondled his leg.

"What's the matter?" inquired the skipper.

"That blessed dog's down there, that's all," said the injured Bill. "He's evidently mistook it for his kennel, and I don't wonder at it. I thought he'd been wonderful quiet."

"We must talk him over," said the skipper, advancing to the hatchway. "Poor dog!

Poor old chap! Come along, said Bill, seizing a boat-hook, then! Come along!" He and holding it at the charge, patted his leg and whistled, "Certainly not," said the other, and the dog, which wanted to "I won't have no blood spilt aboard my ship."

"Who's going to spill blood?" asked the Jesuitical Bill; "but if he likes to run himself on to the boat-hook!"

"Come on, old fellow!" said the skipper enticingly. "Put it down," said the skipper sternly, and Bill sullenly obeyed.

The dog came at last, and then the skipper, instead of staying to pat him, raced Bill up the ropes, said Codd. "We'll have to snooze on deck," while the brute, in execrable taste, paced up and down the deck said the sarcastic Bill, "cos the daring them to come down. Com-dog mightn't like it."

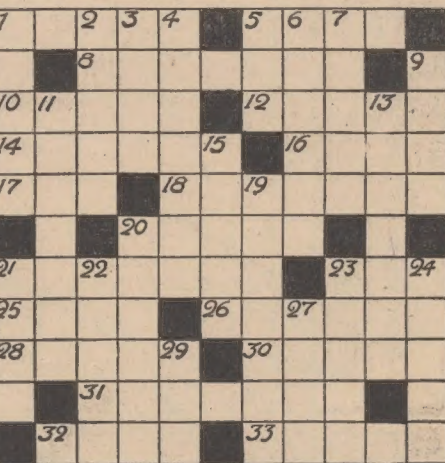
Without noticing this remark they were settled for the night, he the captain stretched himself on returned to the fore-castle and, the hatches, and Bill, after a few after a warning bark or two, more grumbles, followed his ex-turned in again. Both men, after ample, and both men were soon waiting a few minutes, cautiously asleep.

regained the deck.

"You call him up again,"

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Flat roof.
5. Dog.
8. Sweil out.
10. Engrave.
12. Reckless hit.
14. Wealth.
16. Weaving machine.
17. Yorkshire river.
18. Jamaica pepper.
20. Make abstain.
21. Decreased.
23. Witty saying.
25. Golf-club.
26. Comparison.
28. Sort of poem.
30. Purvey food.
31. Minced meat.
33. Experienced.
35. Leans over.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Profit as motive.
2. By surprise.
3. Shatter.
4. Railway log.
5. Salad plant.
6. Glaring blunder.
7. Vegetable.
9. Note.
11. Record of events.
13. Road depression.
15. Building plots.
19. Non-surgical.
20. Repudiation.
21. Rhythmic effect.
22. Not so good.
23. Little children.
24. School times.
27. Wise men.
29. Sever.

JAW PRECEPT
OVATION LIE
GET PADDOLES
GREW DIRECT
L RAT VANE
EG SHREW DO
ACHE SET B
STREAM RAKE
HEARTEN PAY
OAF REUNITE
OUTWENT RED

TRUE, TOO

IN these days of documentary war films and photographers who risk their lives in the front lines, it may seem a little odd that war can be too true to look real.

But sometimes it seems to be so. The first war filmed in Mexico had the intention of bringing stark realism to the screen.

It was one of those swashbuckling Mexican affairs in which presidents and governments are changed at the point of the sword.

A notorious bandit, Pancho Villa, was engaged in the business of overthrowing the Huerta regime, and he agreed to allow Mutual Films, of New York, the screen rights of this particular version of the Conquest of Mexico. He signed a contract to this effect—and the cameramen moved in.

They arrived a day late; but a little thing like that couldn't upset Pancho Villa. He postponed the grand assault for their benefit!

The battle scene chosen for the first filming was the assault on the town of Ojinaga, and as soon as the cameramen had picked their vantage points and signalled their august permission for the battle to be joined, the rebels put up a spectacular artillery barrage, placing the shells well within telephoto range!

Then Pancho Villa's troops, clad in picturesque uniforms and mounted on jaunty war-horses, charged the city, pouring fusillades of gunfire into it, and taking it by storm.

Subsequent battle scenes were also faithfully recorded, and they included hundreds of feet of film devoted to Pancho Villa riding magnificently at the head of his all-conquering troops.

In due course the war, and the film, were concluded, and the cameramen reported back home.

The film was shown in the projection room to a picked audience of highly expectant officials, and was seen through in an impressive silence.

When the whirring of the projector ceased and the lights went up, the silence was broken by a terse, drawled comment:

"If that's a real war, I guess I could stage a better one in Hollywood."

And that is just what was done!

The concern moved a company of actors to Los Angeles, staged the war on a studio set, and made a much better job of it.

But to put the lid on it, by the time they'd finished the public had forgotten this particular Mexican revolution, so it just wasn't worth issuing the film.

Patrick Spencer

Good
Morning



A COUPLE OF
DUCKS

We suppose it's like pouring water on a duck's back to pay compliments to RKO Radio's Ann (Dangerous curves) Rutherford. And that's just what we would like to do, ducks.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Sounds like a lot of 'Duck Soup' to me."